He doing ſo, put foorth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's ſildome eaſe,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes ſuch vnquiet, that the ſhip
Should houſe him ſafe, is wracke and ſplit,
And he (good Prince) hauing all loſt,
By waues, from coaſt is toſt:
All periſhen of man of pelfe,
Ne ought eſcapen'd but himſelfe;
Till fortune tried with doing bad,
Threw him a ſhore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what ſhall be next.
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet ceaſſe your ire, your angry Stars of heauen
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a ſubſtance that muſt yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alaſſe, the Seas hath caſt me on the Rockes,
Waſht me from ſhore to ſhore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but enſuing death:
Let it ſuffice the greatneſſe of your powers,
To haue bereft a prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three fiſhermen,

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I ſay.
3. What ſay you Maſter?
1. Looke how thou ſtirreſt now.
Come away or Ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Maſter, I am thinking of the poore men
That were caſt away before vs, euen now.

1. Alaſſe

1. Alaſſe poore ſoules, it greet
What pittifull cries they made
When (welladay) we could ſca
3. Nay Maſter, ſaid not I as n
When I ſaw the Porpas, how h
They ſay, they are halfe fiſh, hal
a plague on them, they nere come
Maſter, I Maruell how the fiſhe
1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eat vp the little
I can compare our rich Miſers,
As to a Whale; he plaies and tu
Driuing the poore Fry before h
And at laſt deuoure them all at
Such whales haue I heard on a'th
who neuer leaue gaping, till the
The whole Pariſh, Church, Steep
Per. A pretty Morall.
3. But Maſter, if I had beene
I would haue bene that day in t
2. Why man?
3. Because he ſhould haue ſw
And when I had beene in his bel
I would haue kept ſuch a ianglin
That he would neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Bels ſteeple, Church
But if the good King *Simonides*
Per. Simonides?
3. We would purge the land
That rob the Bee of her hony.
Per. How from the fenny ſub
Theſe fiſhers tell the infirmities
And from there watry Empire r
All that may men approue, or m
Peace be at your labour, honeſt fi
2. Honeſt, good fellow, wha
Search out of the Kalender, and